

(U//FOUO) NISTing in Kabul and Baghdad - Part One

FROM:

IA Intern

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(U//FOUO) Being in the field will change the way you do SIGINT forever. This is what I told the other analyst deploying to NIST Joint Task Force 20 (now 121) with me as we waited around Rhein Main airbase for three days for a flight into Baghdad. He was a very experienced analyst, one of the best we have at doing the geospatial analysis that is the mainstay of NISTs. I don't know if he believed me at the time, but after we had been there for a few weeks, he told me that I was right.

(U//FOUO) I had realized in Kabul that to be a really good analyst you have to know your customer - not just know where he is located, or talk to him on the phone once a month. To sit down with the people who will take action on your intelligence, whose lives you are helping to protect, changes your perspective on our business like nothing else I can imagine. My name is _______, and I am an IA intern who deployed to Kabul and Baghdad on NIST teams.

- (S//SI) A year ago, I volunteered to go to Kabul, Afghanistan, where I worked for four months with the High-Value Targets cell comprising NSA, CIA, and DIA analysts, as well as military and CIA operational elements. After a fabulous tour in Kabul, and with the war in Iraq creating a large demand for NSA analysts in that region, I eagerly accepted an offer to head to Baghdad for two months in the summer.
- (U) Everything on our little corner of the Baghdad International Airport (BIAP) was tan. The sand, the tents, the HUMVEEs, the tee shirts, the food. As far as I could see, there was just dust and tents and concertina wire. At first glance, the only things that weren't brown were the white boxes that were our porta-potties. Even these were covered in so much dust and sand that they couldn't be called white anymore. It truly looked like a wasteland. There were no trees, no grass, no red cars, no yellow birds, nothing. All we had was a blue sky and the flag flying above the compound.
- (U//FOUO) When I first walked into the crumbling building which served as the Joint Operations Command (JOC), I overheard someone asking whether I was someone's daughter come to visit. After four months at NIST Kabul, I was used to rough conditions, long hours, and people looking at me funny when I told them that I had volunteered to be there. I knew that there wouldn't be many other women working with me at TF-20, the elite command of allmale Special Operations soldiers tasked with prosecuting High-Value Targets in Iraq.
- (U) For the first few days, as in Kabul, everyone hid their stacks of "men's magazines" and painfully avoided telling off-color jokes for fear of an EEO lawsuit. But when people asked me why I was there, I answered, "for the same reason you are." After a short while, they realized that this was true.

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